

SONG SHEET.

Commencement Night, June 3, 1914.

With the Compliments of the Class of 1904.
Columbia University.

DRINKING SONG

Columbia! Columbia! here's to thy name,

Columbia! Columbia! here's to thy fame.

Drink! Drink! Drink to thy name,

Drink! Drink! Drink to thy fame.

C—O—L—U—M—B—I—A! Columbia, dear old
Columbia, dear old Columbia.

C—O—L—U—M—B—I—A! Columbia, dear old
Columbia, dear old Columbia.

AVERY
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AMICI

Our strong band can ne'er be broken,
It can never die.
Far surpassing wealth unspoken,
Sealed by friendship's tie.

Chorus

"Amici, usque, ad aras,"
Deep graven on each heart,
Shall be found unwavering true
When we from life shall part.

Mem'ry's leaflets close shall twine
Around our hearts for aye,
And waft us back o'er life's broad track
To pleasures long gone by.

College days are swiftly passing,
Soon their sands are run.
While we live, we'll ever cherish
Friendships here begun.

THE COLUMBIA QUADRANGLE SONG

Come, and lift your glasses high, my lads, and let us
drink a toast—
To the College up on Morningside—the one we love
the most!
Above the mighty Hudson's stream, flowing south-
ward to the sea,
You stand in all your glory there, our guiding star
to be.

Chorus

Columbia, Columbia, we love thy honored name,
'Twill always stand throughout the land in ever-
lasting fame;
No matter where we chance to roam, or what we
chance to do,
We ev-er will be loy-al to the "White and Blue."

AVERY
DURST

STAND COLUMBIA!

Air: Austrian Hymn

Mother, stayed on rock eternal,
Crowned and set upon a height,
Glorified by Light supernal—
In thy radiance we see light.
Torch, thy children's lamps to kindle,
Beacon star to cheer and guide.

Stand, Columbia! Alma Mater—
Through the storms of Time abide!
Stand, Columbia! Alma Mater—
Through the storms of Time abide!

Honor, love, and veneration
Crown forevermore thy brow!
Many a grateful generation
Hail thee as we hail thee now!
Till the lordly Hudson seaward
Cease to roll his heaving tide—

Stand, Columbia! Alma Mater—
Through the storms of Time abide!
Stand, Columbia! Alma Mater—
Through the storms of Time abide!

COLUMBIA MEDLEY

If I had a daughter
 I'd dress her up in Blue,
And send her to the Harlem
 To coach the Freshman crew;
But if I had a son, sir,
 I'd put him on the crew
And teach him to do the fine old stunts
 His daddy used to do.

Here's to our Alma Mater,—
 Long may she live and rise;—
Exalted be her banners—
 Until they reach the skies;
And, while we live, support we'll give
 And ever we'll be true
To the colors of Columbia—
 The dashing White and Blue.

May the pipe and the bowl never leave us,
Kind friends, may they never deceive us,
And happy is the man who will meet us,

In heav'n above where all is love,
The Faculty won't be there!
But down below, where all is woe,
The Faculty will be there,—singing

C—O—L—U—M—B—I—A!

C—O—L—U—M—B—I—A!

C—O—L—U—M—B—I—A!

Ray! Ray! Ray! for old Columbia!

Cheer now, boys, she's out of sight.

 Ere the sun has sunk to rest

 In the cradle of the West,

In the clouds will proudly float the Blue and White.

VAN AM

English Air: JOHN PELL.

D'ye ken Van Am, with his snowy hair,
D'ye ken Van Am, with his whiskers rare,
D'ye ken Van Am, with his martial air,
As he crosses the Quad in the morning?

Refrain

For the sight of Van Am raised my hat from my
head;
And the sound of his voice often filled me with
dread,
Oh! I shook in my boots at the things that he said,
When he asked me to call in the morning.

Yes, I kenn'd Van Am—to my sorrow, too,
When I was a Freshman of verdant hue;
First a cut, then a bar, then an interview
With the Dean in his den in the morning.

D'ye ken Van Am, with his fine old way,
Dean of Columbia many a day?
Long may he live, and long may he stay
Where his voice may be heard in the morning.

Refrain

STEIN SONG

Give a rouse then in the May-time

For a life that knows no fear.

Turn night time into day time

With the sunlight of good cheer.

For its always fair weather

When good fellows get together

With a stein on the table

And the good songs ringing clear.

Oh, we're all frank and twenty

When the Spring is in the air,

And we've faith and hope a-plenty,

And we've life and love to spare.

And it's birds of a feather

When good fellows get together

With a stein on the table

And a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious

And the goal a golden thing,

And that God is not censorious

When His children have their fling.

And life slips its tether

When good fellows get together,

With a stein on the table

In the fellowship of Spring.



MARCHING SONG

When you're marching for Columbia you'd better
march like men!

And every mile you march with her you'll wish were
eight or ten;

When you're marching for Columbia, your four years
won't be long,

And then you'll wish you're back again to sing her
marching song—

Chorus

Marching for Columbia, a royal road we tread!

The heart is beating high, and the blood runs red,

We're all young together, and the best of life's ahead,
When we march for Columbia!

Now the thunder of the city sets Columbia's heart
athrill,

Our home is on a battlefield—the battle's with us
still!

We keep the city's honor, we build the city's walls,
And when she calls for fighting men, it's Columbia
men she calls.

GOOD OLD BLUE AND WHITE

The good old Blue and White will fix you,

Down the stream they'll quickly glide

Something tells us that the winner

Will come from Morningside.

See those backs and muscles straining

As they pull with all their might

Hark, Columbia men are calling

Good work, Blue and White.

SANS SOUCI

What if the morrow bring
Sorrow or anything

Other than joy?

What if 't be wintry chill,
Rain, storm, or summer's thrill?
Tomorrow's the future still;

This is today.

Tomorrow's the future still;

This is today.

Out on life's stormy sea
All of us soon may be,
Far, far away.

Still hold your glasses high,
Here's to youth while it's nigh;
Though we tomorrow die,
This is today.

Though we tomorrow die,
This is today.

One last toast ere we part,
Written on every heart,

This motto stay:

Long may Columbia stand,
Honored throughout the land,
Our Alma Mater grand,
Now and for aye.

Our Alma Mater grand,
Now and for aye.